

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. S. MILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

People of splendid appearance seldom improve on acquaintance.

It is, intimated that Lexow will not be chary about sitting down on the rattan trust.

As tin is used in making the new gold, let us hope that the old tin can problem is now solved.

An evangelist named Pepper is converting many sinners in Missouri. His sermons are said to be "hot stuff."

In Boston it is considered quite out of the common for a man to shut up his store on the day of his mother's funeral.

Electricity is the most shocking discovery yet made. It will shock the most brazen-faced men or women in the dark.

If this thing keeps up, a state of belligerency will have to be recognized between the American correspondents now in Cuba.

With a full-fledged king on its staff, that New York paper may manage to print a little truth. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

An Oregon pioneer has sent Major McKinley a tomahawk, but the Major will not need it in his business during the next four years. No kind of hawks are needed.

A Tennessee woman wants to legislate the collar button out of existence. That's the trouble with the collar button. It's already non-existent nine times out of ten when you want it.

From the manner in which Mr. Lexow tackles the tobacco trust it is evident he thinks that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. He also intimates there is a good deal of water.

A member of the South Carolina legislature proposes to wring a few dollars out of labor by imposing a tax upon washerwomen. It is a scrubby sort of a statesman who would favor a law of that kind.

An Eastern exchange says a scientist has discovered that the earth will be dead in three hundred millions of years from now. Whether it will be totally annihilated or just dead, like David B. Hill, is not stated.

With a delicacy of expression that almost entitles the man to a full realization of his wish, a veteran of the Civil War, who was wounded while running away from a Confederate force, declares that he believes himself entitled to a pension because he received his hurt "while marching rapidly in front of the enemy."

A smile is as cheap as a frown, and has occasionally turned out to be worth vastly more in hard cash. Recent English newspapers tell of a lonely old bachelor leaving all his property to a young lady known to him only from the fact of living opposite, because for several years she had smiled pleasantly upon him when they casually met in the street, and the smile had cheered his lonely heart and won this practical recognition in his will.

It is certainly grievous that the New York man who for three years has washed the dishes, cleaned the house and taken care of the children while his wife worked out to gain the necessary domestic supplies should not be allowed a day or a night off now and then. His rebellion is surely justifiable. The exacting nature of the new woman is plainly in evidence in this case. It is easy to see what we may come to when woman shall have obtained complete mastery in all things.

Giving employment rather than alms is an idea that is making progress in New York large work rooms have been opened where women can be employed at tasks requiring little skill, and similar work is provided for men at the "Wayfarers' lodge." Books of tickets have been prepared to be sold at the rate of \$3 for 12, or \$5 for 20 tickets, each ticket entitling the bearer to a day's work, a hot lunch and about 50 cents' worth of groceries and supplies to be taken home at night. There is so much work that ought to be done that there should never be any unemployment anywhere. Until action shall have so far proceeded that no willing hands shall be seen, we shall have little reason to boast of our great civilization.

CITY ON THE HOOGLY.

CALCUTTA AND HER FAMOUS COLLEGES.

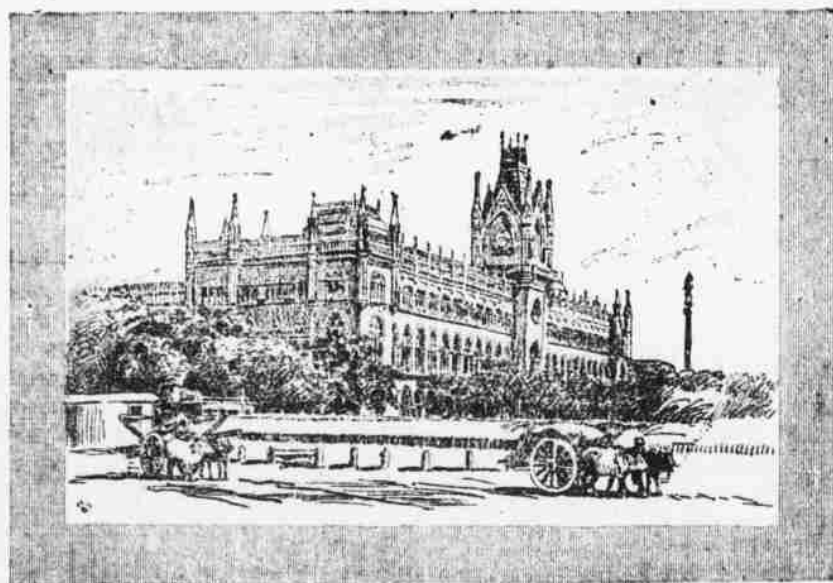
Dr. Farrows Writes of the Educational Institutions at the Seat of the British Government in India—Culture and Simplicity.

(Calcutta Letter.)

WHILE the early English colonists in America were planning the settlements, clearing the forests, upturning the soil and fighting the aborigines, the English traders, the representatives of the East India company and later of the United Company of the Merchants of England Trading with the East Indies, were establishing their factories and building their forts in Madras, Bombay and Hoogly, in lower Bengal. The Portuguese had enjoyed during the sixteenth century a monopoly of the East Indian trade, but they possessed, as Sir William Hunter has said, "neither the political strength nor the personal character necessary to found an empire in India." The Dutch broke through their monopoly; they laid the foundations of permanent supremacy in Java, and struggled with the English for the trade of India. But their policy, which was founded "upon a strict monopoly of the trade in spices," led to the organization of the great English trading company which was the beginning of England's permanent empire in the east. These pilgrim fathers had been only twenty years in Plymouth when an English factory was established at Hoogly, in lower Bengal. The Mogul emperors granted concessions and exclusive privileges here and there, but the English trading settlements were in constant danger from the capricious enmity of the

Christian association, and is being changed and enlarged so as to accommodate their noble work. Mr. J. Campbell White, the vigorous American superintendent of the association, has just received a valuable addition to his working force by the coming of his brother, Prof. W. W. White, from the Moody institute, Chicago. These men justly deem this the grandest opening for Christian effort among non-Christian college men to be found in Asia, or perhaps in the world. A drive through the city shows you colleges, often with Greek columned porticoes that have a strange look in India—colleges everywhere. At the reception given to me shortly after my arrival, at the palace of the Maharajah, it seemed that almost every other man was a teacher, professor or president in some institution. But I should not confine this statement to men. Learned women are not unknown or unappreciated, and among those present at the reception was Miss Bose, head of the Bethune Government College for Women, a Christian lady of strong character and fine culture, and a niece of the Rev. Mr. Bose, whose work on Hindoo philosophy is well known in America.

But my readers must not think that Calcutta is all colleges. It has some fine government buildings and many spacious and splendid residences. I had the pleasure of a conversation with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, lieutenant-governor of Bengal, a man of great force and wide experience in Indian affairs. He is also a warm and intelligent friend of Christian missions. He told me that he always had believed that India was yet to have a national church, which would not be the Free Church of Scotland or the Church of England or any other western organization. In a recent address he said that he looked forward to the rising of some great Indian apostle, who would kindle all the fuel that had been laid by all these Christian colleges into one glowing mass of enthusiasm. I found the lieutenant-governor not at all in sympathy in the Indian national



HIGH COURT, CALCUTTA.

native governors, and when orders were issued in 1886 by the nawab of Bengal confiscating all the English factories in that province, the merchants retreated more than twenty miles down the River Hoogly to a swampy little village, now a part of Calcutta.

The story of the enlargement of this settlement and of the English dominion until it embraced a population of 300,000,000 is one of the most complicated, picturesque and tragic in human annals. The struggles with Indian princes and with French armies, the cruelties and extortions practiced, the crafty playing off of rival native rulers against each other, the gradually improving character of British rule, the vast changes wrought by contact with western civilization, all this is one of the most richly instructive pages of history. The city which England created on the Hoogly is now the seat of government for the whole Indian empire. It may not have the charms for the sight-seer belonging to Bombay, Benares and Delhi, but I have found it the center of influences and activities most varied, interesting and vital. We have been made welcome in the homes of Principal and Mrs. Morrison of the general assembly's institution, and of Dr. and Mrs. K. S. MacDonald of the Free church of Scotland, and have found them delightful representatives of that intellectual and Christian life which is the true hope of India. We have come to the conclusion that Scotch Presbyterians, like these hospitable friends, cannot be surpassed by the choicest exponents of any other nation or creed.

Calcutta has a population of nearly 900,000, of whom 30,000 are Christians. It is called the city of palaces, but I prefer to call it the city of colleges. Within a half-mile of the building of the Young Men's Christian association are institutions containing 4,300 college students; within a mile of this important center are institutions with about 7,000 college students. It is said that about 10,000 from Bengal take their entrance examinations here every year. The Lady Dufferin hospital has been purchased by the Young Men's

Congress, which has just closed its sessions in Calcutta. He regards it as a movement led by ambitious Hindus who do not represent the people, and who are stirring up opposition to British influence and authority. The official classes generally are hostile to the congress.

We dined the other evening with the Hon. Justice Ameer Ali, well known throughout the world for his literary championship of Islam. He is a delightful man, and his English wife is one of the most charming of hostesses. It was a great disappointment to him that the British government would not give him a release from official duties, so that he could visit Chicago in 1893 and represent his faith in our congress. He is engaged now upon a history of the Saracens, and he showed me the great French and Arabic books which furnish the original authorities for this work. Ameer Ali is of Persian extraction, and Persian is one of the languages with which he is conversant. He is looked upon, both within and without the Indian empire, as the chief defender of Islam. Dr. Washburn of Constantinople told me that he had read four or five times Ameer Ali's large volume on Mohammedanism. To him it was one of the most fascinating of books, but also misleading, as it enveloped Islam with roseate and romantic hues.

The Indian peoples certainly have grievances, not the least of which is the incredible and unpardonable delay of the British government in India to provide famine relief. Furthermore, the Indian peoples have aspirations after national unity and larger privileges of self-government, with which one does in a measure sympathize. The example of the United States, as a Hindoo professor of history in a government college said to us yesterday, showing how national unity may be combined with state rights and local self-government, is teaching India and filling her educated minds with patriotic and laudable hopes.

JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

Nothing is so expensive as sickness.

THE USUAL RESULT.

THOMAS WICKES DIED AS HE HAD LIVED, MISERABLE.

Once a Power in Politics He Named a Wisconsin Senator—Had Several Gambling Establishments—Suffering and Neglect in His Old Age.

THOMAS WICKES, once a political power of the state of Wisconsin, and a gambler of note in the west, died the other morning in the Cook (Chicago) County hospital, 82 years old and almost destitute. His history was an exciting one, covering a wild field of gaming operations, and it included as an episode of power his dictation of a United States senator to the legislator of Wisconsin during the war. Since then Wickes had gone steadily downward, and his late years had not been passed in luxury. The cause of his death was chronic diseases, aided by old age. The body was taken to New York, where H. S. Thomas, a relative, gave it burial. Thomas Wickes was born in Clinton county, New York, where he was educated and passed his youth. He seems to have turned to gambling in the earliest days of his adult career, as old friends remember his traveling up and down the Mississippi river, when gentlemen's games were the fashion on the great steamers of the day. That was fifty years ago and more. Wickes was somewhat eccentric, but good-hearted, and although he made great sums during his career he spent money freely among his acquaintances and in gifts to charity. He was a shrewd judge of character and it was to this that most of his success at the gambling table was due. He could handle cards well also, but his judgment of what his opponents would do was perfect. Even in these early days of his career Wickes was a picturesque figure. He affected a rich but tasteful dress that never fell behind the fashions. Men liked him and women were apt to take a deep interest in him. He married in early manhood and one son now survives him.

Long before the war Wickes moved from the Mississippi and traveled about the country. About 1855 he took up his residence in Wisconsin, pursuing as before his gaming. When, after several years of proprietorship of the lowest gambling-house in Madison, he entered politics he was an opponent to be feared. His interest in public affairs was largely produced by the necessity of keeping his house open, as the great wave of anti-gambling sentiment that has since spread over the country was beginning to make itself felt in Madison. Wickes went deep into the greatest game of chance—politics—and the climax of his long career came when a friend became a candidate for the senatorship, and a combination of other interests had nearly assured his defeat. Wickes went with all his power to the help of his friend, and a great dinner to the members of the legislature was the means he used to gain his ends. At that banquet, which will ever be a memory in Madison, Wickes' money was spent lavishly, and his influence was exerted to the utmost in every way to furnish votes for his candidate. The result was apparent the next day that his man was sent to the United States senate, winner by a majority of ten. Wickes retained the Madison gambling-house many years after that, but he never achieved such power again. The war was just over when he forced the election of his friend to the United States senate, and about 1868 he moved to Milwaukee, where he opened another establishment.

Soon after that he became partner



THOMAS WICKES.

In a fashionable gambling-house at 72 Monroe street, Chicago, where Chapin & Gore are now located. He was virtually in control of three houses at once. The fire of '71 wiped out the Chicago establishments, but after a time Wickes reopened. For a long time he kept a house in Milwaukee, but the other gamblers of the city formed a combination against him that forced him out of the business. He then engaged in the dry goods and shoe busi-

ness in that city, and conducted a store for several years. Then he went back to Chicago, and his history since that time has been one of gradually decreasing power and wealth. He made desperate efforts to revive his fortune, but never succeeded. He had been somewhat thrifty in his richer days and money that he had saved prevented him from suffering. But it did not suffice for the old man to play the part he had formerly assumed. During the last few years he had lived at a small hotel. The illness that carried him off attacked him three years ago, and he gradually sunk under it until he was taken to the county hospital four days ago. His end was peaceful and without suffering.

SIX PEOPLE FOUND MURDERED.

Believed To Have Been Killed by Indians.

A sextuple tragedy was discovered the other day on the ranch of the Rev. Thomas Spicer near Winona, N. D. The horribly mutilated bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Spicer, their daughter, Mrs. William Rouse, with her one-year-old twin boys, and the aged Mrs. Waldron, the mother of the postmaster at Winona, were discovered scattered about the ranch, and there is no positive clue to the perpetrators of the horrible crime.

The appearances about the ranch, the condition of the bodies and some other circumstances have led to the suspicion that the murder was committed by Indians, and this suspicion was in part started from the known fact that one Indian was seen in the neighborhood of the ranch a day previous. Then, too, the bodies were terribly mutilated with axes and clubs, which fact is taken to at least partially corroborate the suspicion of the Indian murderers. The Standing Rock Indian reservation is not far distant, and when the Indians from there manage to get hold of whiskey there is sure to be trouble. If the murders were committed by Indians, the murderers are undoubtedly now back among the reservation Indians. There is much excitement over the tragedy.

Mrs. Burns Is Free Again.
Walter Spencer Morgan Burns has obtained a divorce from his wife, who



MRS. BURNS.

was Mrs. Wade. Burns is twenty-three years old, and the son of the Mr. Burns who is head of the London banking firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. Mrs. Burns made no defense to the charges of misconduct at Monte Carlo and elsewhere. The case recalls the scandal which connected her name with that of the duke of Orleans and a noted English peer. She is fifteen years older than her husband. Counsel for young Mr. Burns referred to the conduct of the defendant before and after her marriage as most indiscreet. The court granted the decree at once.

Danger from "Soft" Drinks.
A new danger to guard against is disclosed by an investigation conducted by the Massachusetts board of health. Summer drinks, such as sarsaparilla, soda, lemonade, and the like, are often put on the market in bottles whose stoppers are composed largely of lead. An analysis of thirty of these stoppers showed that they contained from 3 to 50 per cent of lead. The contents of the bottles were also found to contain traces of lead, the largest amount of the poison found being equivalent to twenty-seven one-hundredths of a grain per gallon. This is a very small quantity, but lead is a cumulative poison, and while a small part of a grain taken into the system would not show any ill effects, continual additions would result at length in a sudden exhibition of all the symptoms of lead poisoning.

She Danced at 72.
The funeral of Mrs. Johanna Simis of Brooklyn was held the other day. She was seventy-two years of age, and her death was the outcome of her vigorous dancing at the recent Arion ball. One of Mrs. Simis' sons, Adolph, is a commissioner of charities for Kings county. Two other sons are wealthy, but up to a month or so ago she preferred to live alone at the Eagle hotel, on Fulton street, Brooklyn. Dancing was her chief pleasure. In spite of her advanced age, she attended the majority of the big annual balls. At the time of her death she was stopping with her son William at his home, No. 173 Lexington avenue, this city.